

## HER BABE DEAD, MOTHER IS ILL AND IN POVERTY

Mrs. Boerckel's Infant  
Child Burned to  
Death.

ANOTHER IS BORN.

Christening and Funeral Mark  
Day in a Grief-Stricken  
Home.

With his wife lying in a critical condition and his children crying from hunger and grief, Philip Boerckel today had a christening and a funeral at his home, No. 28 East Ninety-fourth street. In the corner of a small front room on the second floor was the casket containing the body of Willie Frederick, his infant son, and on the bed near by lay his wife with a tiny bundle of humanity which arrived before its time following the shock and fright from the tragic burning to death of his little son.

When an Evening World reporter called at the house today he found Mrs. Boerckel mourning from grief and pain, with her husband sitting dejectedly near trying to encourage her. The children played around in the three small rooms, stopping occasionally to peep into the coffin at their little brother.

"The time is awful thing," said Boerckel. "Our oldest daughter, Lillie, took our youngest, Willie, for a ride in his go-cart. I was away and my wife was alone when some one came in and told her that something had happened to Willie and that he was at the drug store. She ran over as fast as she could, and became hysterical. The boy was so badly burned that he had to be taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. I went there with the doctor, who wrapped him in bandages and a blanket. My wife returned home, and with all the children away and me at the hospital and no one else here, she became a mother before she expected. It's a little girl, and she will be christened Barbara."

They Had Twelve Children.

Boerckel is forty-eight years old and his wife is thirty-eight. They have been married fifteen years and twelve children have been born to them. Only five, including the new baby, are living. The eldest is Lillie, aged fourteen. The others are Emil, aged 12; George, nine; Anna, eight; and the baby.

"I took Willie out in the cart late in the afternoon," said Lillie today. "We went around to Ninety-seventh street and Second avenue, and while crossing the street a big trolley party came along in an automobile. Their shouts and the tooting of their horns drew a big crowd of people, mostly children. Willie and I were almost crowded under the horses' feet. Some big boy said, 'Get out of the way.'"

"I can't," I said. "Don't you see I have the baby?"

"Then he pushed me and knocked the go-cart handle out of my hand. It rolled down towards a big bonfire and one had built in the street. I tried to catch it, but it struck a keg just before I could reach it, and the boy was thrown out head foremost into the fire. They pulled him out, all burned and blistered and still, and took him into a saloon. Then somebody said to take him to the drug store, and there's where mamma found him. I don't know who the boy was who pushed me, but the detectives were here and are looking for him."

Family in Dire Straits.

Boerckel is a hard-working man, employed at ship work on West street. He serves about five a week when work is plentiful, and on this he has to support his family.

Mrs. Boerckel said today that often they had to go hungry. "I don't know what we shall do now," she sighed. "Phil has lost two days already this week, and the undertaker has to be paid. Somebody took a collection last night and we got \$2.50, but that will not last long. We have to make everything go as far as possible."

The rent is another burden of his child will take a part of Boerckel's meagre earnings every week and the doctor will have to be paid. The new baby is expected to live.

## Victim of Bonfire and Little Sister



## BLACK HAND, JR., IS GRASPED BY POLICE

Youth Started Promising Career by Trying to Extort \$500 from Barber.

With the arrest of Benedetto Roselli, eighteen years old, Inspector McLaughlin's men believe they have cut short the career of a young and hustling Black Hand agent. Roselli was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court today on charges of assault and attempted blackmail.

According to Luigi Nastasio, a barber, of No. 26 Bowery, Roselli has been calling on him frequently during the last five weeks and asking for \$500. If he didn't pay, Nastasio says, Roselli promised to kill him and all his family. Nastasio notified the police and Detective Sergeant Capompoli and Frank Smith were detailed to the case. Last night Roselli came to the shop looking for Nastasio. The latter was out, but Mrs. Nastasio was there with Antonio Lamuchio, the assistant. Lamuchio said that Roselli attacked him with a set of brass knuckles. The detectives were waiting outside and they rushed in. After they had knocked Roselli out they found him loaded with a big revolver and \$1,000.

## SKYLARKING CLERK HURT IN SUBWAY

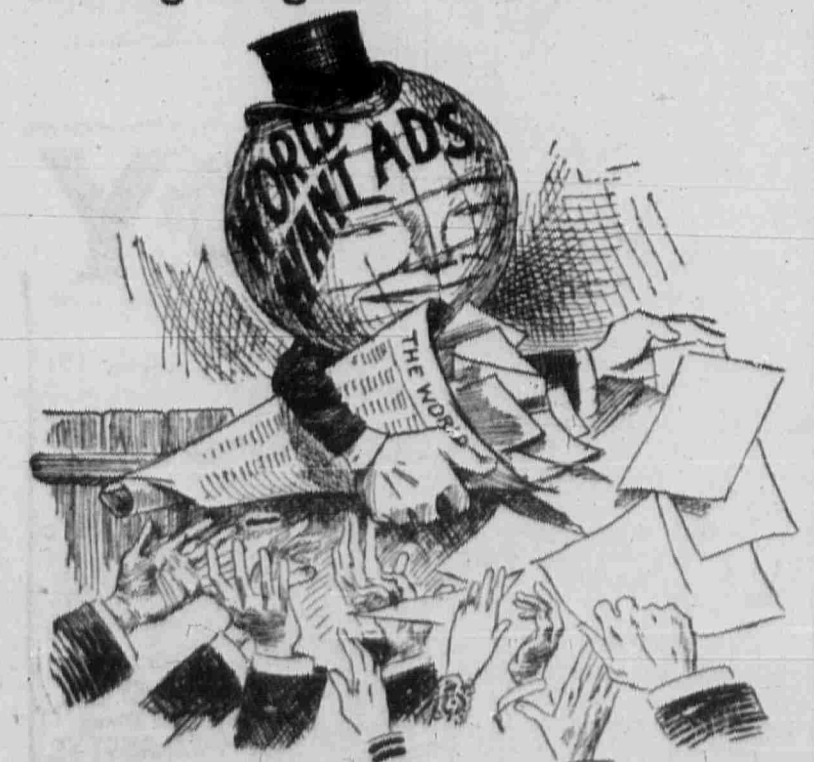
Young Leonard Just Missed Third Rail When He Fell from Station.

Thomas J. Leonard, thirty-one years old, a clerk in the office of the Standard Oil Company, at No. 25 Broadway, and living at No. 122 Madison avenue, fell upon the tracks in the subway at the Bowling Green station last night and received a possible fracture of the skull. He was removed to Hudson Street Hospital by Surgeon Bryant.

Leonard, who was accompanied by his brother, Howard, of the same address, was on the platform while awaiting a northbound subway train when the third rail. He was helped to the platform by employees, who called Policeman Jennings.

The brother, Howard, attempted to board the ambulance and ride to the hospital, but Jennings told him he would arrest him if he did so, he desisted.

## Tearing Regular Prices in Two!



Lucky is the man who reads this verse way through, For it tells how prices may be cut in two; It says to read World Want Ads. to Work, Hire, Buy, Sell, Rent, And promises great value for World Ad. money spent.

3,055 World Advertisements Printed Yesterday. 1,270 MORE than ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER on Earth.

## KISSING AND SINGING KEEP TENANTS AWAKE

Neighbors Object to Goings On at 'The Cottage' in Seventh Avenue.

Love making, with the songs and snatches attendant thereon, was the reason why a dozen of the tenants in the Majestic apartments, at Nos. 2228 and 2230 Seventh avenue, appeared in Harlem Court today to testify against Henry Wolf, proprietor of "The Cottage," at No. 2228 Seventh avenue.

Wolf had been taken to court on a summons secured by David Freeman, owner of the Majestic apartments, who said the tenants were moving away from the south side of the house because of the noise at "The Cottage."

Saw Spooning Couples.

Detective Gilbert of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, had been detailed to investigate, and had found enough evidence to justify the issuing of a summons. "The Cottage" is at the corner of One Hundred and Thirty-first street. It is surrounded by a wide, vine-clad veranda. The detectives said that during the period of his investigation he found the veranda was a haven for spooning couples.

"The automatic piano in the bar," said the detective, "seems to play just three tunes, 'Waita Me Around Again,' 'Waiting at the Church' and 'When the Whip-poor-will Sings, Marguerite.' The couples on the veranda would join in the chorus until 2 o'clock in the morning."

Wolf, a short, fat little man with the build of a stall-fed pig, protested. "The bar closed at 1 o'clock each night," he said, "because I have no hotel license. The piano plays until 2 o'clock."

"What about those kissing noises on the back porch?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, one of the complainants.

Wolf shook his head.

Hears Baby Talk.

"And I hear so much baby talk under my window," said August Hume, another complainant, "that I am losing sleep."

"Why don't you forbid love-making in public?" asked Mrs. Cromwell.

Wolf vowed he couldn't help it and Magistrate Williams said that while he couldn't stop a reasonable amount of noise the police should find the place if he kept open after 1 o'clock in the morning.

## LOST \$250,000 ON THE STOCK MARKET.

Alleged Accomplice of Young Hixton in Pittsburg Is Arrested.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 2.—Following the arrest of Clifford S. Hixton for the embezzlement of a sum that may reach \$250,000 from the Union Trust Company, a warrant was sworn out today for another employee of the big banking house, who is said to have aided Hixton in his peculations and shared his stealings.

The Union Trust Company, which is owned principally by H. C. Frick, is one of the greatest financial institutions in the country.

Hixton is twenty-eight years old and unmarried. He declares that he has not a penny of his \$100,000 gain today and that the entire sum was poured into the stock market by himself and his accomplice. The young bank clerk had no bad habits. He lived with his aged parents, dressed quietly, was active in church affairs and considered an all-round model young man. His one vice seems to have been stock speculation.

Three years ago he sold his first money. The stock market went against him, and he kept on trading in a vain endeavor to recoup.

By the time the fifteen came the street was full of children, and the air was dense with feathers. Up the steps they went and soon were ripping up the beds and pillows and soaking the furniture, while Max lifted up his voice and wailed and all the women called aloud for Rosie, whose dowry from Olema was being spread all over the ward as thick as snowdrifts. It was nearly an hour before the children could be gathered into their fold again.

Eighteen families live in the house and every one of them has at least one room of children. All the children were in bed. The alarm brought another minute the smoke driving in and down the stairs made them wild with fear. They did not wait to dress their little hostess, but went out quickly.

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## Mrs. James and Dog She Is Grieving For.



Mrs. Madge James and Fluffy

## FIRE EMPTIED BIG TENEMENT

Blaze Was Small, but Eighteen Frightened Mothers Hurried Out Children.

When Rosie Blau left her husband of a few months to go to Beth Israel Hospital, she did not think that she would return to a home despoiled of the rich dowry of featherbeds and pillows which she brought with her from Olema to help make the home for herself and Max.

It was all Max's fault. He got home some last night and took a friend home to the flat at No. 34 Madison street, to play pinocchia with him. How late they played nobody knows, but the friend, Leo Lanza, woke up this morning much later than usual, with a smell of burning feathers in his nostrils. One look said he jumped to his feet with a yell of "Fire!" The bed on which they slept was ablaze.

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## WEEPS BITTERLY FOR LOST TERRIER

Fluffy Is Gone and Mrs. Madge James Refuses to Be Consoled.

"I would not have taken thousands of dollars for my poor Fluffy," was the tearful assertion of Mrs. Madge James, of No. 160 West Fourteenth street, today as she indignantly refused to accept payment from a bird-store man who had let her pet Yorkshire terrier get lost from his dog boarding-house. To prove her assertion Mrs. James is advertising a reward of \$50 for Fluffy's return and no questions asked.

Mrs. James is a pretty little blonde woman with a pathetic voice, and she wept as she told the story of her loss.

"Nobody will ever know what that doggie was to me," she said, "and I don't know how I shall live without her. I never was parted from her before since she was born until three weeks ago, and I would not have been then but I was ill and they would not let me have my dog in Long's Villa, Coney Island, where I was sent for my health. My husband took the dog and put it to board at Wohlstadt's, in Second avenue, and he went every day to see that our pet was well taken care of."

"Then Monday he was told that the dog was gone. The man said the door was left open and the terrier ran out into the street. He said he followed her instantly but could not find her and he offered there and then to pay the intrinsic value of the dog, but I don't want the money—I want my Fluffy."

Be sure to watch the Sunday World's fiction number. Next Sunday the first instalment of "Doc Gordon" appears, written by that brilliant novelist, Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. Illustrated by Dan Smith and others.

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## WORKMAN KILLED BY FALL. Tumbles from Roof of 'Edison Building and Is Killed.

While at work on the roof of the Edison Building, at Thirty-ninth street and First avenue, today, a workman lost his footing and fell to the street. He received injuries from which he died in Bellevue shortly after. His identity is unknown.

## JACK'S MAN ARRESTED. For Excuse Violation, in Having Sold Beer After Legal Hours.

On the charge of violating the Excise law, in selling them liquor after 1 o'clock today, Policemen Baxter and Burns, plain-clothes men attached to Inspector Walsh's staff, arrested Thomas Jones, a waiter employed in Jack's restaurant. They ordered beer and allege that he served them.

## You Would Be Willing to Eat From Any Utensil Used in the Preparation of Richardson & Robbins' Potted Meats

Do you know that some potted meats are sold to the dealers for as little as 4c a can, while we ask four times that price for the smallest can we put up?

When you go to the store you pay only a few cents more for our meats. You can easily see why other brands are placed in the front row on the shelf and ours kept in the background for the discriminating folks who demand and insist upon having Richardson & Robbins' goods.

Of course there are fine stores everywhere that have featured our meats for years—but many dealers talk their customers into some other brand "just as good." Such dealers do not know what is in the can, or don't care; you have to eat it—not they.

We have to buy a whole chicken, a whole ham, or a whole tongue—use the solid prime part and throw the rest away. You have to pay us for what we keep out of the can as well as what we put in it.

Every meat is tinned in a special sanitary can that opens with a key. Every can is sterilized.

Ask your dealer for Richardson & Robbins' potted chicken, turkey, ham, tongue, curried-fowl, boned chicken and luncheon meats. Insist on the label "R. & R." It is your safeguard. Ask anybody from Delaware.

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**55¢ FOR \$1 AND \$1.50 Neckwear**  
All of our Fifty Cent 35c \$1 to \$6 famous "Yeska" 1.95  
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**MANHATTAN 115**  
SHIRTS \$1.50 VALUE 1—  
\$2 NOW \$1.38 \$2.50 AND \$3 Value NOW \$1.88

150 Nassau St. 68 Nassau Lane. 369 Broadway 757 Broadway  
at Spruce St. at Maiden Lane. at Franklin St. at Eighth St.  
ALL FOUR STORES OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY.

**WEBER & HEILBRONER**

**These Men's Suits at \$15**  
are the same fine hand-tailored, stylish, \$25, \$23 and \$20 clothes that are now being worn and are pleasing hundreds of knowing dressers. They are great values at their original selling prices, and at \$15 it's like selling you the clothes at wholesale. Among the many striking fabrics are fancy tropical worsteds and tweeds in overplaid, checks and neat stripes. The famous Moe Levy true blue serges are among them.

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THREE STORES—Outfitters to  
(Men and Boys) (Men—Boys—Women and Girls) (Men Only)  
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Walker Street, Fulton Street, Broadway,  
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**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN**  
A trial will convince you that W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best in the world.

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**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**  
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR WOMAN'S ILLS IN THE WORLD.

No Extra Charge for It.  
Advertisement for The World may be left at the American District Manager Office in the City Hall Bldg. & C.

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